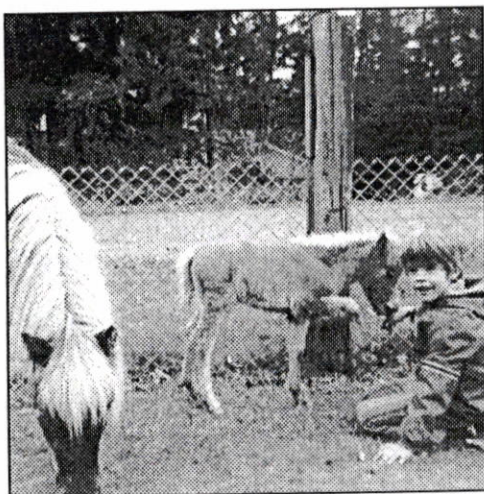


THE BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

**N**OTHING makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

—Henry D. Thoreau



me and the horses

"...grossly unremarkable." - The Pathologist

"I like toast." - Queen Elizabeth I

**THIS HAS NOT BEEN A CUNNING ADVERTISEMENT FOR COFFEE OR BREAKFAST CEREAL OR TOOTHPASTE OR INHUMANE BANKING OR WHATEVER.**

# DAVE

FIT THE FIFTH

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**the better part of forever**



# DAVE

THE UNBEARABLE LIKENESS OF DAVE  
OR  
FASTER DAVE, KILL, KILL

## FIT THE FIFTH

DAVE  
IS, WAS, DOES...

proprietor  
publisher  
editor

production manager  
standby vivisectionist  
catering  
fotographie  
hedgehog handler  
circulation  
xerography  
design

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(except for the bits that I stole)

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electric telephone  
(416)927.9394

electric mail  
bf634@torfree.net

If this address does not work, use the  
e-mail address listed on page thirty.

AS THE TOAST FALLS TOWARD THE  
GROUND, IT ROTATES AT AN ANGULAR  
VELOCITY DETERMINED BY THE DEGREE BY  
WHICH ITS CENTRE OF MASS HUNG OVER  
THE TABLE'S EDGE AS IT BEGAN ITS  
DESCENT. MIGHT IT BE THE CASE THAT  
THE HEIGHT OF A NORMAL TABLE AND  
THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL FORCE  
CONSPIRE TO CREATE A PREDOMINANCE  
OF ROTATIONS THROUGH AN ODD MULTI-  
PLE OF 180 DEGREES?

## MORE TOAST

PAGES 9, 17 AND 27

Dear Reader, please take a seat on a packing crate and listen to this record of a champagne bottle being opened while I tell you a tale. If you've never received one of these newsletters before you are probably wondering what it is you're holding. Keeping in contact with friends has been a very important part of my life. About five years ago, I found that studying photography at university was eating up most of my free time and I was having trouble keeping in touch with people that I had met while travelling and living elsewhere. My address book was bulging with names and places. Writing meaningful, personal letters to everyone was unfortunately not something I could take the time to do. I decided to start producing a newsletter that I could photocopy and distribute. It has become an emotional and creative outlet for me, this issue in particular. It has helped me to sum up my life so far and clarify what is important to me. I also teach myself a lot of technical and aesthetic design stuff by producing it. This is the fifth issue that I have made. The previous ones were: **Dave's Weird Stuff** (July 1993), **Dave's Interesting Fax** (Spring 1994), **Dave's Last Breath** (November 1994)<sup>1</sup> and **Dave On Dave** (Spring 1995)<sup>2</sup>. I have decided to continue using the last title for this and subsequent issues.

**NOW YOU CAN  
DRINK AND READ!  
THIS ISSUE IS MADE WITH  
EASY GRIP™  
TEXTURED PAPER  
FOR STEADY HANDLING**

I have been working at the Ontario College of Art and Design in Toronto since July 1996. I work in the photography department providing technical and teaching support, mixing chemistry, maintaining our b/w and colour print processors, fixing things and whatever else needs to be done. I really like this job. I have never had a position where I looked forward to going to work everyday. I have none of that Sunday evening angst over having to go into work on Monday morning. It's great. I'm very pleased that recently the work that pays my bills has been in the field of photography. Last year I worked for four months at a school teaching photography to people with dual diagnosis, a combination of a developmental handicap with an emotional or psychiatric disorder. That was quite an experience, very difficult at times but very rewarding. I learned a lot about people and even more about myself. Unfortunately it was a part time position and my job at the college is full time. I wanted to do both, but there aren't enough days in the week. I'm finished work until the summer term begins in about two weeks. I have a number of projects to finish, including this newsletter. Perhaps I'll have a short holiday. Before I continue, I must apologize to my Mother. I know that as soon as she sees this newsletter she'll think the type is too small. Sorry Mom, I wanted to get as much information into this issue as possible and some of it may be hard to read.

## Good Impressions Technology Inc.

"Our business is making you look good."

If you can't handle it, can't be bothered or you'd rather be sailing, we can help. We provide the latest in state of the art responsibility avoidance products and services at the cutting edge of today's technology.

Our Communications Services include **Auto Call**, **Auto Mail**, **Auto Fax** and **Auto E-Mail**. Choose from our wide selection of standard **Artificial Communications Packages** (Sales, Real Estate, Law, Banking or Advertising) or let us custom design one for you. Everyone will be convinced that you are doing more than your share of the work when they witness you receiving what appear to be very important and verifiable telephone calls and messages, postal deliveries, faxes and e-mail tailored to meet your needs whatever they are. And you don't just add lib into a dead telephone. Our telephone specialists will prompt you so that your end of the conversation sounds as realistic as possible. We can even arrange very convincing and reasonably priced in-person client visits to support the sham that you are living.

Are your washroom breaks of the extended variety? Are you leaving the office for a 3 hour lunch? Simply drop two of our **Ever Hot™ Beverage Tablets** into a hot or cold cup of coffee on your strategically messy desk and off you go down the stairwell or out the service entrance to interview for another job or have a wild rendezvous at a nearby motel. Your beverage will steam realistically for up to six hours leaving any nosy bastards with the impression that you've just slipped away from your desk to make photocopies, send a fax or rehearse last night's pasta dinner to eat while diligently working through your lunch break.

**We can deal with any situation or problem you may have.**

It's 3am and you've been out drinking. It's 3pm and you've been out drinking. You've forgotten a birthday or anniversary. Traffic ticket? Late for work? Didn't finish your homework? For a small monthly fee you can have 24 hour access to our **Excuse Bank** from any touch tone telephone.

- Holographic self-projections programmed to respond to questions. It looks and sounds like you're at your desk, but you're really at the beach!
- Have you ever wanted to go on maternity leave but you didn't want to go through all the fuss and bother of having a baby? No problem.
- You've killed the pet that you were supposed to be caring for? We can do most home delivery dead pet replacements within the hour.
- You have no charming and intelligent spouse to accompany you to the office Christmas party? We can provide one.

Begin your move up the corporate ladder or at least ensure that you hang onto your job for another month or two by calling us now. We can custom design a Communications and Product Package to meet all of your work avoidance needs and ensure that you make a **Good Impression**.



### FREE T-SHIRT OFFER!

Sorry, it's not what you think. I only made a couple of these shirts so I could wear them. I don't possess a sturdy enough entrepreneurial spirit to produce them for sale. I'm a lousy capitalist and can't be bothered. You'll have to make your own if you want one.

Are you constantly opening your chamber door to rid your room of stale, unpleasant odours? Why not fill your chamber with the smell of Edgar Allan Poe-Pourri. The new Skulls, Hearts and Crows deluxe mixed assortment is now in stock. Quoth the Raven, "Smell No More."

**Parked on the couch watching The Fresh Prince of Darkness or America's Funniest Most Wanted?**

**No Time For Exercise? Need Inspiration?**

Order **Abs of Spam** now. This full length stop-motion animated exercise video featuring characters delicately sculpted from popular speculative mock meat products including Prem, Spork, Klik, Kam and Spam will have you off and running.

## the leftover bits

THESE WORDS WERE SCRIBBLED ON BITS OF PAPER AND BAR NAPKINS THAT I HAD LAYING AROUND AFTER FINISHING THIS NEWSLETTER. I FELT THAT THEY NEEDED A HOME SOMEWHERE. obsessions in moderation • spirals go upward too, you know • beautiful things do not just happen • all knowledge is divided into a to z • without let or hindrance • brains say the darndest things • this is your brain on life • just get off the train more often • the tyranny of the vertical • matter (that) doesn't matter • the toast is in the cutting • a novel inspired by the works of Ernest Hemingway called The Sun Also Explodes • eye to eye, skin to skin • everything between now and the end of this newsletter • there's something about the darkness, the noise and the drink that helps • outside the moon is being quietly eclipsed by our planet • Tunnelspotting • auto urine therapy, 2 glasses per day • failure to follow loading instructions could result in serious injury or death (warning notice on bathroom towel dispenser) • Interview with a Tumour • navel piercing program: each day 200 sit-ups and \$2 in a jar for a month • my vacation from darkness • toast Coma Toast • cut toast lengthwise, its better • Dave's Backword • I'm Dave, You're Dave • These Are The Daves I Am, I Am • The Hitch Hiker's Guide to Dave • Otter On Toast • The Journal of Creative Psychiatry • Just Do Dave • Stupor Dave • hypermarket • blue anti climb paint on the building site wall across from parliament in London • Simply Fred • next time I go travelling remember to take cello tape, a glue stick, a large, black felt marker (for hitchhiking signs), small tupperware, duct tape and handcuffs • pure as the driven over snow • mechanically reclined • when you're eating in a restaurant, do you ever wonder how many hundreds of mouths the fork you're eating with has been in? • I know more women than men who have a fear of intimacy and commitment • are all those your sitars? • there are fourteen paint names that I find interesting on page 29 • you can't judge someone's appearance just by looking at them • I don't think I've ever never had hair on my head, maybe its time that I shaved it all off • love at first sense • (another notice on a bathroom towel dispenser) use only to dry hands and face, any other use could be dangerous • GI Joan • the pathetic aesthetic • everyone standing in a spotlight • hey, I completely forgot about nutella® on toast. how did I do that? its great.



REMEMBER LAUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY.  
REMEMBER RUNNING AWAY.  
REMEMBER BEING SCARED OF DEATH.  
REMEMBER BEING TOO SHY TO ASK TO USE THE BATHROOM.  
REMEMBER NOT KNOWING WHAT IT WAS BUT KNOWING IT WAS REAL.  
REMEMBER WANTING TO KILL SOMEONE WHO HURT A PERSON THAT I LOVE.  
REMEMBER BEING EMBARRASSED ABOUT HAVING HAD A HAIRCUT.  
REMEMBER FLIRTING IN GRADE FIVE.  
REMEMBER NOT KNOWING WHAT SEX WAS.  
REMEMBER NOT BEING CYNICAL.  
REMEMBER THE SMELL OF HER SCENT ON MY PILLOW.  
REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I WAS DRUNK.  
REMEMBER THE SMELL OF DEAD, DRIED LEAVES AFTER WARM RAIN.  
REMEMBER EYES.  
REMEMBER SMILES.  
REMEMBER MY FIRST KISS.  
REMEMBER WANTING TO DIE.  
REMEMBER THINKING TOO MUCH.  
REMEMBER WANTING HER MORE THAN I HAVE EVER WANTED ANYTHING BEFORE.  
REMEMBER IMMORTALITY.  
REMEMBER HIDING.  
REMEMBER NOT KNOWING HOW TO TELL TIME.  
REMEMBER LOSING CONTROL.  
REMEMBER BEING SO DRUNK I COULDN'T REMEMBER.  
REMEMBER LYING.  
REMEMBER THE FINAL CUT EVERYDAY WHILE I ATE LUNCH.  
REMEMBER YOU WORE RED, THE WAITRESS WORE GREEN.  
REMEMBER TRYING TO READ MINDS.  
REMEMBER BEING BULLIED.  
REMEMBER BULLYING.  
REMEMBER WATCHING THE MOON DURING THE MOON LANDING.  
REMEMBER THE COMFORT FOOD MY MOTHER MADE.  
REMEMBER CHEESE UNDER THE BROILER.  
REMEMBER CANS OF CAMPBELL'S TOMATO AND CLAM CHOWDER MIXED TOGETHER.  
REMEMBER BOILED TURNIPS AND CARROTS MASHED, WITH BUTTER AND PEPPER.  
REMEMBER EATING SLICED ORANGES.  
REMEMBER THE TASTE AND TEXTURE OF CRUSHED ASPIRIN IN A SPOONFUL OF HONEY.  
REMEMBER BEING IN SNOW UP TO MY WAIST.  
REMEMBER THE LITTLE SQUARE OF TOAST THAT DAD WOULD LEAVE FOR ME.  
REMEMBER WAITING FOR THE TELEPHONE TO RING.  
REMEMBER NOT CALLING.  
REMEMBER STILL BEING SCARED OF DEATH.  
REMEMBER MY FIRST LOVE WHEN LOVE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH SKIN TOUCHING SKIN.  
REMEMBER THE BIG ROCK IN THE FOREST BEHIND MY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL THAT ISN'T AS BIG AS IT USED TO BE.  
REMEMBER THE SMELL OF CRAYONS MELTING WHEN IT WAS SO HOT THAT WE TOOK ART CLASS OUTSIDE ON THE GRASS.  
REMEMBER DANCING OUT OF CONTROL.  
REMEMBER KISSING HER IN A DREAM.  
REMEMBER THAT SUNSET.  
REMEMBER THAT TOUCH.  
REMEMBER.

THE HUMAN BODY SERIES...

Reproductive System

PAPERTECH





CELL TUMOR  
SEMINOMA  
AL CARCINO  
BULAR GER  
TENSION  
C CORD AN  
ICTOMY SPI

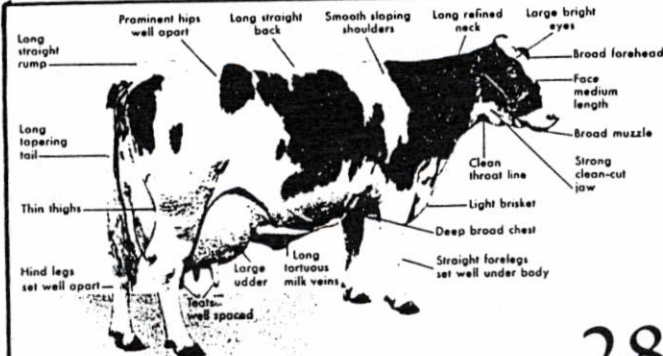
PROMISE  
MEDITATION  
ENDLESS  
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ROMANCE  
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DOWN TO EARTH  
INFATUATION  
NICE  
SHIVER  
ALMOST PINK  
SPACE  
SILENCE  
REVENGE



IF THE EMAIL ADDRESS ON PAGE TWO DOESN'T WORK, TRY ONE OF THESE:  
David\_Otterson@acc.ocad.on.ca or testify@mail.freenet.hut.fi

## e n d n o t e s

1. Dave's Last Breath was reviewed in the magazine Factsheet Five (#55), pg66.
2. Dave On Dave (1995) was reviewed in Factsheet Five (#57), pg83 and Broken Pencil (v.1/#2), pg43.
3. Table Etiquette. *The White House Cookbook* © 1887.
4. "The Murphodynamics of Toast." Ian Stewart. Scientific American, D95.
5. Edward Campbell, M.D. "Radical Orchiectomy: Indication and Technique." in *Testicular Cancer* Nasser Javadpour, M.D., editor (1986).
6. Sarcocoele: a solid tumour, usually malignant.
7. "History of the Surgery of Testicular Tumours" in *Tumours of the Testicle*, pages 4-5, 1970.
8. Chest x-rays and blood tests will only be done three times in the third year, two times in the fourth and once in the fifth. That is as long as the cancer doesn't recur.
9. Excerpt from a brochure from the Canadian Cancer Society.
10. I'm now prepared. "I wish we had met under different circumstances," translated into Slovak is "Škoda že sme sa nestretli zo iných okolností."
11. I found this somewhere on the internet.
12. Now that the weather is warmer it has been very quiet (25.04.97).
13. Selections from the writings of Kurt Vonnegut: Deadeye Dick, Deadeye Dick, Blue Beard, Cat's Cradle, Jailbird, Hocus Pocus.
14. Edmund's comments from throughout the four series of The Black Adder.
15. This entry in my baby book looks like its in my handwriting, aged nine days??



A DAIRY CHAMPION'S FINE POINTS

## Easy Crossword



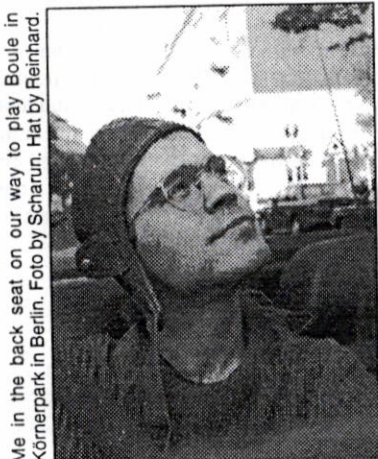
CLUE ACROSS  
1 Ninth letter of the alphabet.

CLUE DOWN  
1 Visual organ, we hear.

## Last Week's Solution



28



Me in the back seat on our way to play Boule in Körnerpark in Berlin. Foto by Scharun. Hat by Reinhard.

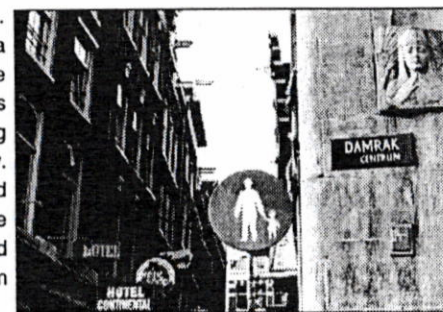
I've been looking at a lot of peoples' heads lately, mostly guys who have shaved off all of their hair. Its getting to be a bit of an obsession with me, to get rid of my hair. All of it. It all needs to be cut off and put in a box somewhere. I think that it will be one of those unannounced, self-photo-documented outbursts of mine. I don't know how much longer I can hold out.

This newsletter has been in production since the last one came out two years and two weeks ago. Well, it's Monday the 12th of May 1997 and I am done.

Please keep in touch. Let me know if your address changes. Its a warm, beautiful, sunny world out there. Its time to get my cameras out and start making pictures again.

Goodbye.

I am still making photographs. It's hard not to. The text below is part of my artist statement for a project that I have been working on for around three years. It feels like I've been working on it since I was about 17. Back then I was obsessively photographing graffiti and other text in Vancouver. I had no idea why. It is work to which I feel naturally drawn. It feels good to make it. I am going to put together a handmade book with about fifty 5x7 inch fibre prints mounted inside. I'd really like to get the work published. I am also making larger prints for exhibition purposes..



Amsterdam (1995)

I EXPLORE PRIMARILY URBAN ENVIRONMENTS SEARCHING FOR AND PHOTOGRAPHING FOUND OBJECTS, TEXT, ARTIFACTS AND SPACES IN ORDER THAT I MAY ISOLATE VISUAL INSTANCES THAT SPEAK TO ME. MY GOAL IS TO MINE THE TRACES AND REMNANTS THAT PEOPLE CREATE AND THE ONES THAT OCCUR IN AN APPARENT RANDOM MANNER AND FROM THEM DISTILL A DESCRIPTION OF, AND A RESPONSE TO, THE WORLD AROUND ME. I AM PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN IMAGERY THAT EXPLORES THE IDEAS AND THEMES OF CONSUMERISM, DESIRE, PERFECTION, IRONY, MEMORY, IDEALISM, ABSENCE, AUTHORITY AND PERSEVERANCE. THE WORK IS CONCERNED WITH ELEMENTS, RELATIONSHIPS AND INCONGRUITIES THAT ARE GENERALLY IGNORED, OR AT LEAST UNAPPRECIATED OR UNOBSERVED. I ATTEMPT TO IDENTIFY CONNECTIONS AND MAKE IDEAS CLEARER BY JUXTAPOSING THESE RELATIONSHIPS WITHIN THE FRAME OF THE CAMERA AND THEN SEQUENCING THE SINGLE IMAGES IN A BODY OF WORK.



CALL WAITING service lets a call be announced by special "beeps" while you're on the phone. You will hear a soft "beep" for local calls; a long-short-short "beep" for long distance calls. Ask first caller to wait while you answer the second call. You may return or hang up from the first call to take the second call. When you are not on the telephone, you will be able to identify an incoming long distance call by the special long-short-short ring.

## NECROFILE DONNA LYPCHUK: JUNE FEBRUARY 8, 1996

### CALL-WAITING ANXIETY DISORDER

The sign that you or someone you love may be developing this disorder is a drastic personality change.

Formerly laid-back, friendly people suddenly develop a rude, brusque or urgent manner on the phone as they anticipate the intrusion of call-waiting into their conversation. This disorder is also characterized by screams of panic or even instant termination of the conversation when the individual hears the call waiting beep go off. The disease enters its fatal stages when the individual starts aurally hallucinating the beeps that signify call waiting.

Some other useless services that Bell should consider:

- Call of Nature
- Call to Arms
- Call of the Wild
- Call Ignorant
- Calling All Cars

• Correction: 17 months behind schedule

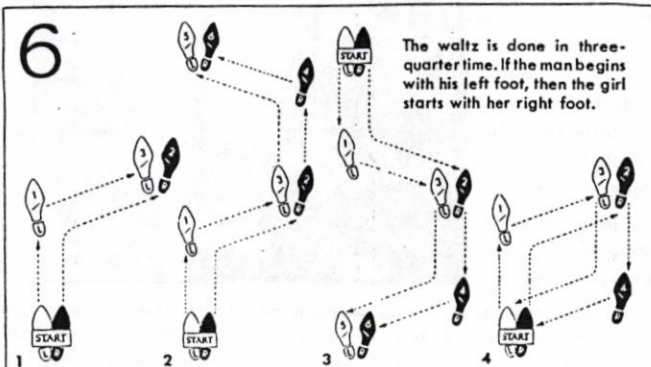
sometimes even a feeling of being disconnected from the world.

5

Most of the time I shoot outside so I don't do much during the winter. It's then that I try to get my printing done. Now that summer approaches I am getting ready. I finally had my two 35mm cameras thoroughly cleaned and a minor repair done on each. There's nothing that I enjoy more than exploring a city, this one or any other one, on foot or on my in-line skates, photographing all day. From the beginning of my interest in photography I have always appreciated the work of talented photojournalists and documentary photographers. I decided that in fourth year at Ryerson I would really challenge myself by working on a documentary project where I would introduce myself into an unknown environment, meet people and photograph them. I started out working on a project about a huge, rundown apartment complex but I didn't pursue it with enough passion. Through a friend, I met Brian. He was three years younger than me and had had AIDS for a very long time. I spent a year making photographs of him until his death in February 1996. He told me when we started that he wanted me to

[continued on next page]





be there documenting the good times and the bad. The good times were great but I tended to avoid photographing him during his bad turns. I found it very difficult. I have never been closer to someone who was dying. The experience brought me face to face with a number of my fears all at once. Sometimes, I tend not to acknowledge the progress I made but I think the expectations I had of myself were unrealistic. I wasn't able to raise the camera to my eye when I saw the

pain. Some photographers can do that. I am working on a book about Brian with one of his close friends. It will contain text written by the people in his support network and also the photographs I made of him.

**I can't sleep.** It's the last monday morning of the year. I've been wanting to finish this newsletter for quite some time now. It has taken on a life of its own and sometimes I don't feel that I have complete control over it anymore. I have put more thought and time into this issue than I have with any other and I find that I am discarding pages and ideas that previously I would have used without a second thought. Then I'd start thinking, as I am thinking right now, Why are you doing this anyway? Why put so much energy into such a thing? Should I even bother with it? Is it, god forbid, all about my ego? Too much ego and not enough toasted EGGOs®?

**I remember** making fires with my Father. We were clearing hundreds of acres of land and once the trees had been felled and hauled away we would burn the branches, roots and stumps, all the wood that remained. I was around fourteen years old when we burned the brush on a huge piece of land in the northeast corner of the ranch. Dad and I went in opposite directions carrying newspaper, matches and pails of used engine oil mixed with diesel fuel. We set alight 30 or 40 piles of brush each the size of a house. I remember standing in the middle of it, smoke all around me. All I could hear was the roar of the fire, like a locomotive engine going by.

## SPACE FOR RANT

BY ART NEILANS

**W**hy is Call Waiting such a popular service? Bell offers the capacity to disrupt all your phone calls at any time and charges you extra for the privilege.

They might as well have called it **HOLD THIS!**

I think Bell tapped a rich vein here, targeting all those people who want the cheapest conspicuous route to fake elitism together with a contrived sense of artificial self-importance.

Hey Cha-Cha, unless you're running a 911 service it's not likely your life really needs this.

You might want to think about actually completing a phone call with someone who has seen fit to want to talk to your pompous butt, rather than spend all your time mumbling "Just a sec... it was my drinking buddy, Roy, wants to play darts Tuesday... oops, hang on... my prints from K-Mart are ready, or was that my pants from Cadet... uh... it doesn't matter."

If you really had manners or common phone courtesy and you absolutely

had to have incoming calls handled, you would have gotten call answer, which takes messages while you are on the line. But that would be too practical and fail to cut off whoever you were talking to at the time and restrict your phone options and let people know you actually get **PHONE CALLS!**

Can't finish a phone call 'cause you have the attention span of a ferret on a double espresso? Maybe it's time you got focused and started paying attention, **Boo-Boo.**

Myself? I wouldn't have Call Waiting (CW). But I sometimes do respond with **PLU. PLU (Pretentious Lifestyles Unlimited)** kicks in whenever CW is detected.

You've got another call? Oh, sorry I've got Kathie Lee from Carnival Cruises at the door with my tickets. Uh-oh... that's my Benz dealer just pulled into the driveway... my 560SEL just back from the shop... Pardon... I can't hear you for all the pounding... must be the Marley Roof guy just showed up... we're changing the color of the roof tiles to this year's new softer pastels... Sorry... gotta go... **CLAO!**

eye AUGUST 1, 1996



Philosophy class. I think, God, is the guy in the 1st row gorgeous! Coffee & Plato? (York U.) ☎ 21082

ALLEN'S- Jan 25, Robbie Burns U: 6'7, long dark hair, Gordon? tartan. Didn't approach U, too shy. Me in blue, Haggis? ☎ 2773

## Five Easy Pieces (1970)

the wheat toast diner scene with Robert (Jack Nicholson), his girlfriend and two female hitch-hikers.

**Robert:** I'd like a plain omelette, no potatoes - tomatoes instead, a cup of coffee and wheat toast.

**Waitress:** No substitutions.

**Robert:** What do you mean? You don't have any tomatoes?

**Waitress:** Only what's on the menu. You can have a number 2, a plain omelette. It comes with cottage fries and rolls.

**Robert:** Yeah, I know what it comes with but it's not what I want.

**Waitress:** I'll come back when you've made up your mind.

**Robert:** Wait a minute, I have made up my mind. I'd like a plain omelette - no potatoes on the plate, a cup of coffee and a side order of wheat toast.

**Waitress:** I'm sorry, we don't have any side orders of toast. I'll give you an english muffin or a coffee roll.

**Robert:** What do you mean you don't make side orders of toast? You make sandwiches don't you?

**Waitress:** Would you like to talk to the manager?

**Robert:** You've got bread? And a toaster of some kind?

**Waitress:** I don't make the rules. **Robert:** O.K., I'll make it as easy for you as I can. I'd like an omelette - plain, and a chicken salad sandwich on wheat toast, no mayonnaise, no butter, no lettuce. And a cup of coffee.

**Waitress:** (writing) A number 2, chicken sal' san'. Hold the butter, the lettuce and the mayonnaise. And a cup of coffee. Anything else?

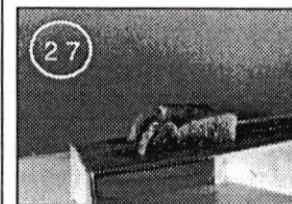
**Robert:** Yeah, now all you have to do is hold the chicken, bring me the toast, gimme a check for the chicken salad sandwich and you haven't broken any rules.

**Waitress:** You want me to hold the chicken, huh?

**Robert:** I want you to hold it between your knees.

**Waitress:** You see that sign, sir? Yes, you all have to leave. I'm not taking anymore of your smartness and sarcasm.

**Robert:** You see this sign...? (He knocks their glasses off of the table and they leave).



# TOAST

What do Great Expectations, Black Adder, Red Dwarf and the films My Life as a Dog, Five Easy Pieces and Surviving Desire have in common? Toast. Each one of them has a scene in which Toast is featured prominently. I haven't been able to find the section of Great Expectations where people eat a lot of Toast, but I'm told there is one. The scene in My Life as a Dog is wonderful. I haven't seen the film for awhile, but I remember the 12 year old boy and his girl friend exploring the kitchen appliance section of a store. Through the window, bright light streams in onto the stainless steel surfaces of the toasters. The older styles are rounded and all the metal that is bathed in the light has an over-exposed glow giving everything there the quality of objects dreamt. One of the toasters suddenly pops up startling them and they laugh.

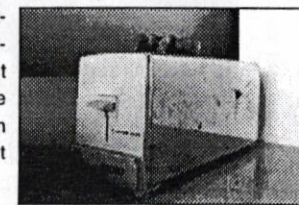
**Queen Elizabeth I:** Are there no heads on spikes today?

**Edmund Black Adder:** No, we're training a new executioner and he's a little immature. It takes him forever - slash, slash, slash. By the time he's finished you don't so much need a spike as a Toast rack.

**Queen Elizabeth I:** I like Toast.

\*(from Head, Black Adder II)

A woman in a very small airplane recommended that I check out the toaster scene in Hal Hartley's Surviving Desire. On wednesday I finally did. This is it... A woman that Jude is desperately in love with spent the night with him and left before he woke. Henry runs into her in the street and she pretends not to be involved with Jude who she is trying to distance herself from. Henry goes to Jude's place and starts making Toast while they talk. He also tells Jude what she said. Jude is infuriated at her attitude. Henry and Jude get into an argument and Jude tells him to eat his Toast and get out. Jude says, "Listen Pal, you can't waltz in here, use my toaster and start spouting universal truths without qualification." Henry is suddenly quiet and motionless as he tries to identify a smell in the air. It's the scent of her perfume that she's left behind and he says so. Jude pushes Henry out the door (the Toast hasn't popped up yet) and he slumps down in a kitchen chair. He turns up the darkness setting on the toaster and billows of Toast smoke rise out of it. He wafts it through the room with his hands so that it will mask her scent.





Berlin: Children on Tram 53 in Pankow (1995)



**Stars.** Last August I was taking a ferry from Nanaimo to Vancouver. I had spent a week salmon fishing at my brother's place in Bamfield on the West Coast of Vancouver Island and I was travelling back to the mainland. The sun was setting as we began crossing the Strait of Georgia. It was a warm night and the sky was clear. I lay down on the top of one of those large cabinets that hold life jackets or whatever and looked up into the sky. It was not quite dark enough to see the stars. I scanned the sky for awhile looking for stars and eventually I found one. As each new star became visible to me I numbered it and then I'd cycle through the ones that I had found remembering each number and ending with a new star. This is a great way to kill time and improve your memory. I must have looked a little strange laying there mumbling and pointing to different parts of the sky over and over again. Eventually, new stars were

becoming visible so fast that I lost track, but I did manage to remember the locations of 19 of them. It turned out that 11, 12 and 13 were the handle of the Big Dipper, the asterism in Ursa Major. There names are Benetnasch, Mizar and Alioth (110, 59 and 62 light years away respectively). That's pretty far. I have been close to getting into a physical fight with another human being three times. Once with some loser who was intent on pouring beer on himself and me on one of the dance floors at Whisky Saigon last fall, once in grade nine in a school hallway and once upon a time when I was ten years old. I was walking home with a boy from my class that lived in my neighbourhood in a rural area outside of Vancouver and we were talking about girls that we liked. It seemed such a normal thing to be doing but I can't remember ever doing it again. There was a girl in my class who I liked a lot. I moved away to live on a cattle ranch a year later but for years afterwards I harboured the belief that I was in love with her, that someday we'd meet again. He told me that he liked her. I don't remember thinking, I just remember reacting. I grabbed him by his jacket. It tore and he ran home in tears. That was the first and last time I was ever angry over a woman, my first and last jealous rage. He and I stayed friends for awhile, even after I had moved, but I have never forgotten about my overreaction and I have always felt bad about it. Lately, I've been thinking about it a lot. We were all ten years old.

**Last year sometime.** Nothing else has entered my mind tonight but the experience I was having. I felt unplugged from other concerns, people, worries, conditions - feeling completely in the present. What was happening, was happening.

**14 November 1996 Toronto.** CANCER, THE BANKS, THE LISTS, DAVE ON DAVE, I can't sit still...

**Fall 1996 Toronto.** "I'm going to paint icebergs. Fall in love and forget everything else. It's eerie when you take charge. I need silence inside out." (Four great lines from a play I saw).

**Recently.** I remember as a kid eating Love Heart candies. They came in a roll, were very sweet and had odd words and phrases written on them. I bought some recently at a very cool candy store that sells absolutely every kind of childrens' candy you can imagine. I pulled five of them off the roll in this order: DEAD LOSS, YOU AND I, LOVER, MAY I HOPE, I'M YOURS.

## SMALL POINTS ON TABLE ETIQUETTE.<sup>3</sup>

Never ask to be helped to soup a second time. The hostess may ask you to take a second plate, but you will politely decline.

Fish chowder, which is served in soup plates, is said to be an exception which proves this rule, and when eating of that it is correct to take a second plateful if desired.

Drink gently, and do not pour it down your throat like water turned out of a pitcher.

Ladies have frequently an affected way of holding the knife half-way down its length, as if it were too big for their little hands; but this is as awkward a way as it is weak; the knife should be grasped freely by the handle only, the fore-finger being the only one to touch the blade, and that only along the back of the blade at its root, and no further down.

A spoon should never be turned over in the mouth.

One's teeth are not to be picked at table; but if it is impossible to hinder it, it should be done behind the napkin. One may pick a bone at the table, but, as with corn, only one hand is allowed to touch it; yet one can easily get enough from it with knife and fork, which is certainly the more elegant way of doing; and to take her teeth to it gives a lady the look of caring a little too much for the pleasures of the table; one is, however, on no account to suck one's finger after it.

Be careful to keep the mouth shut closely while masticating the food. It is the opening of the lips which causes the smacking which seems very disgusting.

It is not proper to drink with a spoon in the cup; nor should one, by-the-way, ever quite drain a cup or glass.

Berries, of course, are to be eaten with a spoon.

Another generally neglected obligation is that of spreading butter on one's bread as it lies in one's plate, or but slightly lifted at one end of the plate; it is very frequently buttered in the air, bitten in gouges, and still held in the face and eyes of the table with the marks of the teeth on it. This is certainly not altogether pleasant.

One must not lie or lean along the table, nor rest one's arms upon it. Nor is one to touch any of the dishes.

All these points should be most carefully taught to children, and then they will always feel at their ease at the grandest tables in the land.

Finally, when rising from your chair leave it where it stands.



# Something about cookies.

This recipe did not come to me in a dream. Nor was it the result of any cosmic explosion (Nurse! The Screens!) or deltic intervention that I was aware of. I stole it from Laurie Rossner and copied it onto a piece of paper in purple felt pen. It worked just fine for 4 or five years and my reputation for giving good chocolate chip cookie grew and grew... BERLIN Oct.95 In this city, perhaps my favourite, an egg is still an egg (or should I say, "an egg is ein Ei.") but 75 grams of something resembling chocolate chips, but more like the things you'd sprinkle on ice cream cones, cost 4, "IM (\$4), about seven times what I'd normally pay. TORONTO back home December 1995. I gathered together the ingredients and set forth to assemble some cookies. I thought that everything would be just fine. How wrong I was.

As I was mixing the wet and the dry I began to get the feeling that something was seriously wrong. After a couple of minutes in the oven the blobs of dough liquified and began moving out in all directions. The result; one big rectangular chocolate thing. I ended up pouring all the dough into bread pans, cooked it forever and made these depressing, but effective heavy chocolate loaves. Devastated I analyzed what may have gone wrong. I decided it was a butter problem. I'd used the wrong kind. One week later: New, different butter. Same results. Even more depressed. I cry myself to sleep that night. I begin to fear that nothing will go right for me ever again. OK, I reason, it's the oven. We have this old, temp. range from 1 to 6 thing. That must be it. So, I go to my friend Lorrie's to borrow her oven (nice, big, temp. in degrees, etc.)

She's watching as I begin putting things in the bowl to see if my eyes glaze over and I add some mysterious ingredient. It is at that point that she questions my treatment of the butter. Or rather, lack of treatment. And then I realize that I haven't been beating the butter until it was fluffy before adding the sugar.

Simple. Stupid. Me.

Aarrgh...

8

beat 1 1/2 cups butter until fluffy, add 1 1/2 cups white sugar, beat until fluffy, add 2 eggs, mix well mix dry ingredients and add to wet stuff: 2 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking soda, 2/3 cup Frys cocoa mix well and the n add 350 grams of semi sweet chipts bake at about 350 F for ten minutes or so, do not overcook, they should be a bit gooey when they come out of the oven. Let them become cool. Then eat 'em.


*First Discoveries*

**25**

*Grasped objects*

*June 30/64*

*Discovered own hand Right away*

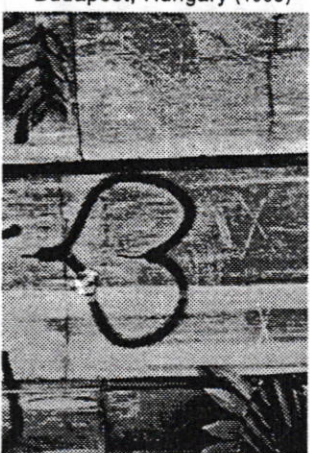


I remember being seven or eight years old and thinking that no matter how many times I cut in half a line or a piece of paper or toast or whatever I would still end up with two bits. But then, I also remember being very interested in climbing the trees in the front of our house, throwing all my clothes off and waving at passing motorists. When I was in grade one, I ate 204 peanut butter and honey sandwiches, one each school day. In between desperately trying to learn how to tell time and working out how to pronounce the word "Thermos", I was looking at my Snoopy lunch box. Snoopy was holding a lunch box just like mine. It had a picture on the side of it showing Snoopy holding a lunch box just like mine and the one he held in the previous picture, etcetera. And, what about those long barber mirrors facing each other along the wall that make you go on forever?

The only thing positive about winter in Toronto that I can think of is the appearance of Zero chocolate bars from Belgium. Shops don't stock them in the summer months because they melt on the shelves. I think they're wonderful. Oh, and warm hugs on cold winter nights.

I always thought that my surname, Otterson, was quite rare. I don't think so anymore. I was rummaging around the world wide web recently and came across the telephone book, basically a database containing all the information from every U.S. telephone directory. I was stunned to find out that there were fourteen David Ottersons and three Dave Ottersons listed. I have their addresses and of course they will each be receiving a copy of this thing in their morning mail sometime soon.

**Budapest, Hungary (1995)**



**Human beings were meant to kiss.** We are perfectly configured for the activity. We communicate standing upright, face to face and eye to eye. Our lips protrude, our tongues extend, our heads gyrate, and our arms embrace. Kissing is an art. It should be constantly refined and never neglected. Kissing is also the most intimate method we have for communicating with our partner. It ripens our emotional and physical understanding of each other, and it fuels our intimacy. (This bit and the kissing chart on the facing page were taken from *Kissing* by Tomlin Edmark, 1991).

## my journal

18 September 1995 England. I'm back in England! I had a pint of Strongbow today, loaded a roll of Tri-X in my camera and made a photograph of a lost shopping cart in the Thames' mud.

11 November 1995 Amsterdam. "Are you married?" she asked for probably the tenth time in the last minute or two.

14 November 1995 London. Over the last 8 weeks my wardrobe has consisted of 2 pairs of jeans, 3 shirts, 7 pairs of socks, 7 pairs of underwear and one pair of shoes.

Sometime/Somewhere. So, I ended up thinking about my student loan. That took any idea of having pleasure right out of me.

Fall 1996 Should it be an overflowing? An oozing out? Something that can't be stopped?



24

**DAVY**  
by Carly Simon

Davy, is there a song out there in the night for us?  
Davy, is there the kind of smile that you read about?  
There are Ghosts who would warn me  
Keep me Alone...  
Davy, are you the heat I feel in my foolish heart?  
Davy, there's not a day I haven't prayed  
To feel something so worthy  
For someone like you...

Davy, could there be love so bright  
Like to jump off the sea?  
Davy, did I imagine it or did you look at me  
With a look so bold that I had to look away?

But if it feels all right  
If it feels all right and it feels all right  
Davy, Davy, Davy!!!

a song from a friend...

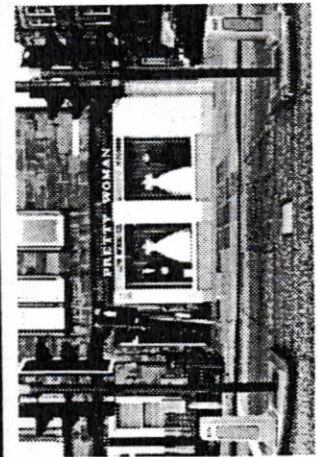
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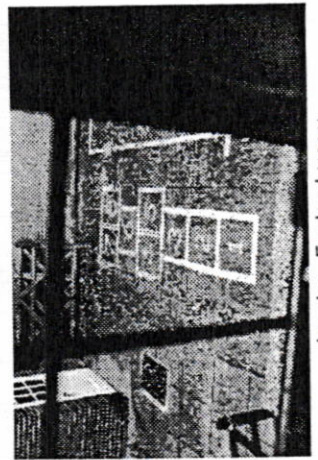
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Edinburgh, Scotland (1995)



London, England (1995)

### The Murphodynamics of Toast<sup>†</sup>

Define the critical overhang parameter—the initial por-  
tion of the toast that hangs over the table—divided by  
half the width of the toast—as  $\eta$ . Then Newton's laws of  
motion lead to the relation  
 $\omega^2 = (6g/a)(\eta/(1+3\eta^2))\sin\theta$ ,  
as long as the toast is pivot-  
ing about the edge of the  
table. The toast begins to slip  
when its weight exceeds the  
frictional force at the table's  
edge. The rotation rate at that  
instant is the rate at which  
the toast will thereafter rotate  
during its drop.

Simple estimates show that  
the toast will flip through at  
least 180 degrees on the way  
to the floor. To land butter  
side up, it must therefore ro-  
tate at least 360 degrees. We

know how fast the toast is rotating, and  $H$ , together with  
 $g$ , tells us how long it will take until the toast hits the floor.  
For tables and toast of  
conventional dimensions, Mat-  
thews shows that the toast  
rotates at least 360 degrees  
only when the critical over-  
hang parameter is greater  
than 0.06. The critical over-  
hang occurs when the toast  
first detaches itself and be-  
gins to fall freely.

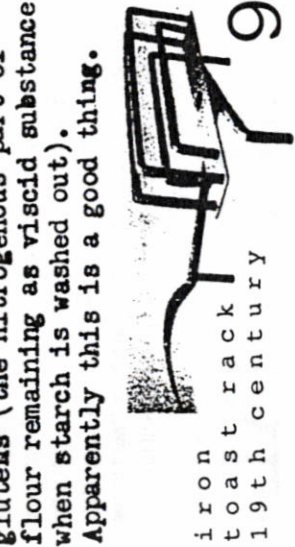
$g$  = acceleration from gravity  
 $m$  = mass of the toast  
 $a$  = half-width of the toast  
 $\delta$  = initial overhang  
 $\theta$  = angle of rotation  
 $\omega$  = angular velocity of rotation  
 $H$  = height of the table

The maximum height for a biped is  
one at which, were the organism to fall,  
damage to its head would likely cause  
death. It is reasonable to assume that  
the height of a table used by such an in-  
telligent biped would be about half its  
own height. On the earth, a table must  
be some 10 feet high for Murphy's Law  
to be violated, so we would have to be  
nearly 20 feet tall to escape the unfor-  
tunate consequences of murphic reso-  
nance. The real question is: Might some  
race of aliens on some distant planet  
be murphically immune?

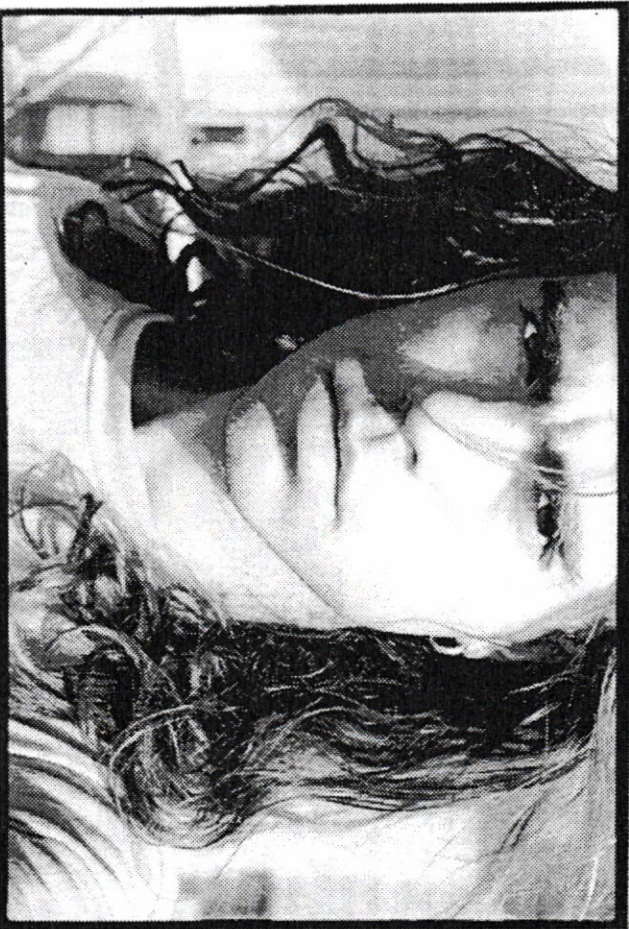
I guess I'm obsessed with Toast.  
I must be otherwise I wouldn't  
capitalize the word. I think  
about it a lot and I probably  
eat toast at least once a day.  
My flatmate John and I have a  
toaster that will toast 4 slices  
of bread at once! I feel very  
privileged, although its borrow-  
ed from a friend. There's nothing  
quite like toast, but then there  
is never toast quite like nothing.  
I'm not exactly sure what that sent-  
ence means but it uses the word  
"toast" twice and that's good enough  
for me. Here are some of my favour-  
ite things to put toast around:  
Peanut butter and banana; Butter &  
brown sugar; Avocado and tomato;  
Peanut butter and honey; and, of  
course, Raisin toast with butter.  
I remember reading something about  
how toasting bread breaks down its  
glutens (the nitrogenous part of  
flour remaining as viscid substance  
when starch is washed out).  
Apparently this is a good thing.

The Langley Children's Center,  
located on the Central Intelligence  
Agency's grounds, opened its  
doors in September, 1989. The Cen-  
ter was specifically designed and  
constructed to provide child care  
services for children of CIA employ-  
ees. The idea for this facility was  
first advanced by the Agency in the  
early 1970s and became possible  
after Congress passed legislation  
enabling Federal agencies to pro-  
vide space and services for child  
care.

The Langley Children's Center  
is an attractive, one-story building  
with 10,000 square feet of space  
divided into three areas designed  
for children in age groups ranging  
from three months through four  
years. It is equipped to accommo-  
date 104 children and a staff of 28  
coordinators, teachers, and assis-  
tants trained as Child Care Special-  
ists.







self-portrait on my balcony shortly after surgery

"I discovered masturbation by accident." That was going to be the first sentence of my memoirs if they were ever published or written for that matter. However, I'm not yet old enough to look back in retrospect and I don't have nearly enough timeless anecdotal material. I have never been on a debauchorous binge with anyone who later became a minister of the crown nor has Kate Bush ever run over me while reversing out of her parents' driveway... one day perhaps. All that I have written is that first line, so I'm using it now and I'll forget about the memoirs. Nevertheless, here's a story from the middle. I had a testicle removed. Just one. By a trained professional for whom that kind of procedure is fairly routine. According to an entry in my journal, I discovered a small lump on my right testicle on Canada Day, 1996. I have performed a testicular self examination (TSE) on myself at least once a month for a long time and I'm glad that I do. I went to see a doctor right away, had an ultrasound exam around the middle of July and then took all this data to a urologist on Wednesday, 24 July. Up until that point I was feeling fairly relaxed about the whole thing. I thought that there were a number of stages that I'd have to go through before there would be a confirmed diagnosis. I had some idea what a biopsy was and I figured that at least I had to get one of those done first. However, that wasn't quite how things worked out. My urologist had a look at the ultrasound report and then I dropped my pants and he felt my lump. This type of examination is quite uncomfortable. The blood tends to rush from one's brain as if I had been kicked down there. I dressed and he told me that it was quite likely that I had a tumour and he wanted to book me for surgery as soon as possible. At this point I very nearly passed out. So, I lay down, had a drink of water and he had my surgery booked for the following Tuesday morning. I had recently begun working at the Ontario College of Art and Design, assisting a summer photography class and I also had a position teaching photography to handicapped people on Mondays and Tuesdays. I spent that weekend in a bit of a fog sitting at a little desk in a dark corner of the Medical Sciences Library at the University of Toronto surrounded by piles of books, reading, taking notes and frightening myself with full colour reproductions of testicular tumours in various stages of malignancy. I found that the more I read about and understood this type of cancer the more in control I felt. Monday, the day before surgery, my anxiety peaked. That afternoon, following a very distracted last day of teaching, I went to see my urologist to ask him a number of questions that had come up during my research. I also went to another urologist for a second opinion and left feeling that I was following the right course of action.

32-YEAR-OLD MALE

# JUST ASK DAVE

(letters from real people, answered by real daves... well, a real dave)

Dear Dave (the Ask Dave),  
I'm feeling uncertain about my standing as a human being. It's that I seem to barely attend to things that other people are unable to ignore. Like hygiene, for instance. You see, I tend to see adversity as challenge, as texture or adventure. So, I have a virtual habitat for an apartment. Am I normal?

Signed,  
Desperately Seeking Hygiene.

Dear D.S.H.,

Are you normal? Of course not. None of us are Dear. Why not try to literally turn your living environment into a growing concern? Scientists are always on the lookout for new bacteriological testing grounds and the spaces under your kitchen appliances are just what they're looking for. You'll find that you can comfortably fit twenty petri dishes underneath the average fridge. That narrow space between your stove and the kitchen counter is excellent for accelerating spore growth and the damp, dark space behind your toilet can be used very effectively for cultivating mushrooms and other valuable fungi. Make the most of the squalor.

Dave.

Dear Dave,

I just realized that my name has a 'v' in it and I cannot deal with the erotic feelings I am having. The letters u, v, w, x, y and z have always seemed so distant from me, so foreign. Am I damaged goods?

Dave.

Dear Dave,

Yes. Definitely.

Dave.

Dear Dave,

My life is perfect except for one typically female dilemma. Should I pick Ron Francis for my hockey pool?

Thanks,

Stumped.

p.s. Do gentlemen REALLY prefer blondes?

Dear Stumped,

Sorry, I don't know much about ice hockey but here is a bit about hair.

"The longhairs are not just beatniks; they're deadbeats, and if growing their hair long is going to be the prevailing fashion (which, of course, it won't), we will be seeing more and more of them all the time in Magistrate's Courts. There is just no future for them outside the beneficent confines of the excellent penitentiaries and reformatories that are ready and willing to receive them. They will get a haircut there, all right, and very fast."

(Ontario Magistrate's Quarterly, editorial, Vol. IV, No. 3, July, 1967, 2.)

Dave.



8:00

(Mon) Dysfunctional families.  
(Tues) Faith healers.  
(Wed) Forgive and forget.  
(Thurs) Surviving rejection.  
(Fri) School pranks.

(Mon) Teen rape.  
(Tues) Teen-age single mothers.  
(Wed) Methamphetamine.  
(Thurs) Shocking videos.  
(Fri) Music stars of the past.

(Mon) High-school reunions.  
(Tues) Embarrassing parents.  
(Wed) Crushes on co-workers.  
(Thurs) Controlling men.  
(Fri) Miracle births.

(Mon) Murdered children.  
(Tues) Postponed wedding.  
(Wed) Mistresses.  
(Thurs) Eating disorders.  
(Fri) Reunions.

(Mon) Alleged CIA drug deals.  
(Tues) Child-abusing lovers.  
(Wed) Teens and bombs.  
(Thurs) Teen-age runaways.  
(Fri) Gossip.

(Mon) Prosecuting children as adults.  
(Tues) Women left for dead.  
(Wed) Child abuse/neglect.  
(Thurs) Husbands accused of rape.  
(Fri) Celebrity news.

(Mon) Tragic wedding stories.  
(Tues) Estranged families.  
(Wed) Homeowners' nightmares.  
(Thurs) Abuse alleged.  
(Fri) Professional women.  
(Mon) Cancer and young man who blinded her.

9:00

(Mon, Tues) Teens and gangs. (Parts 1 & 2)  
(Wed) Overweight and criticized.  
(Fri) Unusual talents.

(Mon) Mistreated women.  
(Tues) Women with bad attitudes.  
(Wed) Spanking children.  
(Thurs) Siblings' accusations.  
(Fri) Cast of "Savannah".

(Mon) Mayflower Madam.  
(Tues) Troubled teens.  
(Wed) Police corruption.  
(Thurs) Child-abuse victims.  
(Fri) Revenge tales.

(Mon) Cancer patient rejected by her family.  
(Tues) Pretentious liars.  
(Wed) Montel's new book.  
(Thurs) Child abductions.  
(Fri) Parents punished for their children's crimes.

(Mon) Squabbling sisters.  
(Tues) Matchmaking.  
(Wed) Racism.  
(Thurs) Revenge gifts.  
(Fri) Interracial teen pregnancies.

(Mon) Parent/child divorce.  
(Tues) Parental favoritism.  
(Wed) To be announced.  
(Thurs) Multiple births.  
(Fri) Weight loss.  
(Mon) Romantic reunions.  
(Tues) Personal tragedies.  
(Wed) Child-care tips.  
(Thurs) Babies switched at birth.  
(Fri) Simpson civil trial.

(Mon) Crushes.  
(Tues) Infidelity.  
(Wed) Old flames reunite.  
(Thurs) Gangs.  
(Fri) Inappropriate dress.

10:00

(Mon) Matchmaking.  
(Tues) Weight loss.  
(Wed) Friends compete for love.  
(Thurs) Male heartbreakers.  
(Fri) Shy people ask for dates.

(Mon) Matchmaking sisters.  
(Tues) Black-sheep relatives.  
(Wed) Murder case.  
(Thurs) Dealing with fame.  
(Fri) Forgiveness begged.

(Mon) Child abuse.  
(Tues) Interracial dating.  
(Wed) Disowned by his parents, a youth sues to see his siblings.  
(Thurs) Lovers who met online.  
(Fri) Unusual punishments.

(Mon) Heroes.  
(Tues) Make-overs.  
(Wed) Infidelity.  
(Thurs) On-line affairs.  
(Fri) Aspiring centerfolds.

(Mon) Complaints of women in the military.  
(Tues) Killings of unborn children.  
(Wed) Shocking 911 calls.

(Mon) Shooting victim.  
(Tues) Minister accused of child abuse.  
(Thurs) Miracle babies.  
(Fri) Make-overs for youngsters.  
(Fri) Exotic animals.

(Mon) Psychic Monday.  
(Tues) People who inspired popular TV characters and shows.  
(Wed) Parents face destructive teens.  
(Thurs) Couples reconcile after infidelity.  
(Fri) The O.J. Simpson civil trial.

11:00

(Mon) Con artists.  
(Tues) Family mysteries.  
(Wed) Celebrity look-alikes.  
(Thurs) Missing fathers return.  
(Fri) Meddling mothers.

(Mon) Serial killers' families. (R)  
(Tues) People who did the unimaginable.  
(Wed) Victims of domestic violence undergo reconstructive surgery.  
(Thurs) Daredevils. (R)  
(Fri) Teens and marijuana.

(Mon) Stalked celebrities.  
(Tues) Realizing goals.  
(Wed) Day-care disasters.  
(Thurs) Melissa Gilbert discusses the premature birth of her son.  
(Fri) Personal safety.

(Mon) Personal-ad horror stories.  
(Tues) Families with many children.  
(Wed) Growing up in an immigrant family.  
(Thurs) First-time parents.  
(Fri) Drunken drivers meet their victims.

(Mon) Peer pressure on teens.  
(Tues) Infertility clinics.  
(Wed) Contests.  
(Thurs) Assault case.  
(Fri) Hit men.

(Mon) Drug abuse.  
(Tues) Surveillance.  
(Wed) Fame's downside.  
(Thurs) Parents who spy on their teens.  
(Fri) Celebrity news.

(Mon) Small children suspended from school.  
(Tues) Patty Hearst.  
(Wed) Infidelity.  
(Thurs) Real-life horrors.  
(Fri) Gossip.  
(Fri) A vengeful man kills his daughter's attackers.

General anesthesia is an awful thing, but then I certainly wasn't going to fall asleep on my own. It was Tuesday morning and I was wide awake. While laying on the table, I introduced myself to the nurses and made sure that they knew that it was my right testicle that they should be tinkering with. I had considered printing a large "No!" on the left one and an arrow pointing to the right one to avoid confusion. Jenny, Ron and a couple of others were getting their gear ready. I expect that what they do prior to surgery is a lot like the preparation for one of those television cooking programs. They have to have all the instruments laid out in some kind of order otherwise their patient might die or maybe they'd burn their soufflé. I could see the doctor going over to his second oven and saying, "Here we have a patient that was prepared before the show, he's had the same surgery and has already been healing on the centre rack for two weeks at 35.0°C." There on the slab, I felt quite apprehensive. It goes against my instincts to allow someone with a sharp knife so close to that area of my body. I was uncertain about what the outcome of the surgery would be. Biopsies are not normally performed in the case of potentially malignant testicular tumours because there is a high risk of cancer cells being seeded back into the patient's bloodstream during the procedure. The operative procedure on my consent form read, "Exploration and biopsy right testicle, possible right radical orchiectomy." The approach is inguinal, through the groin, rather than the scrotum. Basically, a three inch opening will be made in my groin and the testicle and spermatic cord will be delivered through it and removed if it is necessary. I didn't know how many testicles (also called testes) I'd be waking up with. Perhaps two, more than likely one. Three was right out. Now the anesthetist is here and she is intent on making me sleep. "No, I'm not allergic to anything. No, I don't have a cold. No. No. No..." Now she's pushing a needle into the back of my left hand. My urologist/surgeon is standing next to the table. He's looking very sterile, holding his arms at his sides with his hands a foot from his body, like a gunfighter. All I can see are his eyes. The rest of him and the walls are green. The blood, of course, will be red. I don't feel the least bit sleepy. They'll never be able to make me sleep. I want to relax. I'm trying to think about something else, like how silly these disposable slippers feel on my bare feet, two shopping bags held on with elastic bands. I should have insisted that I go barefoot and that the surgical table be covered with a nice growth of thick, green moss. And I wanted to hear the sounds of birds and the wind and a little babbling brook in the distance and to look up at blue, blue sky with the odd cloud passing by. The shower cap I'm wearing is pretty bad too. I figure that I'd better tell the surgeon a joke. Break the ice. Relax him. Relax me. "A mushroom walks into a bar and orders a drink," I say. Still awake, wide awake. I can't tell if he's ever heard this one before. "The bartender says, 'We don't serve your... kind in h...'"

The incision extends superiorly from the region of the external ring, in the line of the inguinal ligament. The aponeurosis of the external oblique is exposed after division of Scarpa's fascia. The external inguinal ring is identified at the inferior and medial aspect of the wound. The aponeurosis of the external oblique is incised from the apex of this ring to the level of the abdominal ring. This thin fascial layer extends inferiorly as the external spermatic fascia enveloping the cord and testes, and may be opened over the anterior surface of the spermatic cord, enhancing subsequent delivery of the testes from the scrotum.<sup>5</sup>

In the past, the treatment available to the patient with scrotal swelling was primitive, and for the dangerous sarcocele the treatment was essentially the same as the operation known from time immemorial to executioners and commercial suppliers of eunuchs (Andrews 1898, Duka 1866).<sup>6</sup> On the subject of tumours of the testical, Percivall Pott (1779) could speak from personal experience of twelve cases. He urged his contemporaries in London to perform castration early in the disease and as humanely as possible. "In the days before anaesthesia, to be humane was to be swift. There was to be no pulling or tearing of tissue, for this would give pain. The testis was to be dissected from the scrotum with a knife, not scissors. The cord was to be ligated, not rubbed into spasm as was then the teaching on the Continent. The scrotum was to be packed open with lint: no dead space, no haematoma, no sepsis. All this was sound common sense."<sup>7</sup>

At about noon I regained consciousness in the recovery room which is like a busy train station. Beds everywhere coming and going. Nurses making sure that everyone is breathing. No one was rushing up to tell me anything about my surgery. After laying there for about five groggy minutes I figured that the only way I was going to find out what happened was to reach down and poke around under the blankets. This I did and I discovered that I was one short of a pair. The right one was missing which was the right one. For the next four or five hours I was filled with a kind of weird elation. I felt positively manic. I'm not sure why. Relief that it was over I guess. After all, if they removed my testicle then it meant that I probably had cancer and

Life in a box is better than no life at all, I expect. - Rosencrantz





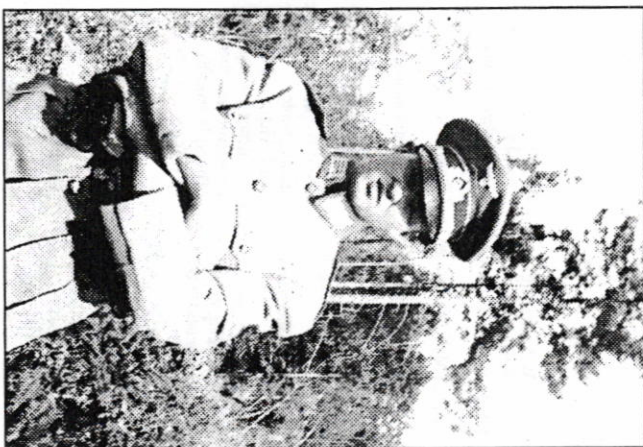
## Primitive Cat Scan

hospital or the government ownership of my testicle. I don't think it would have been an unreasonable request. They probably just incinerated it after making slides of the representative sections. I'm in a non-seminoma surveillance program at the Ontario Cancer Institute at the Princess Margaret Hospital that is supposed to last five years. For the first two years, I am to have a chest x-ray and blood tests (AFP,  $\beta$ -HCG and LDH) done every two months with a pelvic and abdominal computed tomography scan every four months. After the two year mark, I only need to have the chest x-rays and blood tests done at ever decreasing frequency for another three more years.<sup>8</sup> The cancer clinic needs to monitor my progress to check for any signs of metastasis, the recurrence of the cancer elsewhere in my body. All the tests have been negative and unremarkable so far and I hope it continues that way. My early detection of the tumour is the main reason that things aren't as bad as they could be. The cancer didn't have time to spread to any other parts of my body and so I wasn't subjected to radiation or chemotherapy. It doesn't mean that it won't recur but the chances are reduced. Yesterday, 25 April 1997, I went in for a chest x-ray and blood work. Its getting to be a bit of a boring routine for me. Having blood drawn from my arm used to make me a little nervous and I could never watch. Now I just sit there watching each of the three vials fill up. It is very ironic that up until this time I had been a fairly successful sperm donor. A clinic already had ten little frozen samples of my semen but now they couldn't use them. Despite the fact that there's nothing wrong with my semen and my sperm count remains as high as it was, their policy is that my having been diagnosed with cancer excludes me from being a donor. I applied to enter the program in the first place because I thought it would be an

it's better that all that stuff is out of my body and in a jar somewhere. After I had been in my room for awhile, my urologist came in and told me that indeed the tumour appeared to be malignant, but the complete pathology report still needed to be done. I read the report sometime later:

Section shows two separate foci of germ cell neoplasia. One focus is of classic seminoma whereas the other focus is of embryonal carcinoma with necrosis. Focal areas show intratubular germ cell neoplasia with embryonal carcinoma and seminomatous component.

Cancer. I was sent home at about five o'clock that afternoon. I had considered trying to get my testicle back or least to have a look and photograph it. I thought, maybe a self portrait, me holding the little jar, with its contents bobbing around inside. It's instinct really. Anytime I have repairs done I always like to get the faulty part back as some kind of guarantee that indeed they did replace something. Unfortunately, I think there is legislation that gives the right to get it back. I think they get to keep whatever they pull out of you and also any spare change they may find. I don't think it would have been an unreasonable request. They probably just incinerated it after making slides of the representative sections. I'm in a non-seminoma surveillance program at the Ontario Cancer Institute at the Princess Margaret Hospital that is supposed to last five years. For the first two years, I am to have a chest x-ray and blood tests (AFP,  $\beta$ -HCG and LDH) done every two months with a pelvic and abdominal computed tomography scan every four months. After the two year mark, I only need to have the chest x-rays and blood tests done at ever decreasing frequency for another three more years.<sup>8</sup> The cancer clinic needs to monitor my progress to check for any signs of metastasis, the recurrence of the cancer elsewhere in my body. All the tests have been negative and unremarkable so far and I hope it continues that way. My early detection of the tumour is the main reason that things aren't as bad as they could be. The cancer didn't have time to spread to any other parts of my body and so I wasn't subjected to radiation or chemotherapy. It doesn't mean that it won't recur but the chances are reduced. Yesterday, 25 April 1997, I went in for a chest x-ray and blood work. Its getting to be a bit of a boring routine for me. Having blood drawn from my arm used to make me a little nervous and I could never watch. Now I just sit there watching each of the three vials fill up. It is very ironic that up until this time I had been a fairly successful sperm donor. A clinic already had ten little frozen samples of my semen but now they couldn't use them. Despite the fact that there's nothing wrong with my semen and my sperm count remains as high as it was, their policy is that my having been diagnosed with cancer excludes me from being a donor. I applied to enter the program in the first place because I thought it would be an



## The Commandos Strike at Dawn\*

US 1942 98m bw  
Columbia (Lester Cowan)

Norwegian commandos outwit the Nazis with the help of the British navy. Standard war adventure shot on Vancouver Island.

w Irwin Shaw, story C. S. Forester d John Farrow ph William C. Mellor m Louis Gruenberg  
Paul Muni, Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Coote, Ray Collins, Rosemary de Camp, Richard Derr, Alexander Knox, Rod Cameron  
AAN: Louis Gruenberg

My Dad was in the film, *The Commandos Strike at Dawn*, set in Norway and filmed on Vancouver Island in 1941. He was one of the Canadian soldiers used as extras to play the German soldiers. I haven't seen the film yet. It was released on video long ago, but is no longer available. I'd love to find a copy of it. My Father

has always been very indignant about the brand new Stanfield underwear that were stuffed with straw, dressed in German uniforms and blown-up in the battle scenes. Why not? They certainly could have rounded up some used undergarments instead. I'm sure the British weren't exploding brand new underwear during the rationing. Later on, of course, The Goons would become well known in England for exploding underpants, but that was different. They did it on radio.

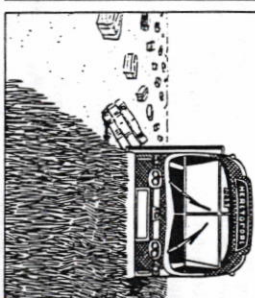
the bus

21

PAUL KIRCHNER©

## BUSES IN OUR LIVES

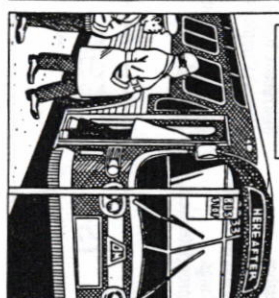
AGRICULTURE



NATIONAL DEFENSE



MASS TRANSIT



THE ARTS



SPACE EXPLORATION





## kurt vonnegut writes

Honest, industrious, peaceful citizens were classed as bloodsuckers, if they asked to be paid a living wage. And they saw that praise was reserved henceforth for those who devised means of getting paid enormously for committing crimes against which no laws had been passed. Thus the American dream turned belly up, turned green, bobbed to the scummy surface of cupidity unlimited, filled with gas, went bang in the noonday sun.

The robber swung off the Shepherdstown Turnpike, and closed old Hyatt's peephole with a sawed-off shotgun, and then swung back onto the Interstate again. He was... tried and convicted and sentenced to die over at Shepherdstown. They closed his peephole with electricity. In one microsecond he was hearing and seeing all sorts of things. In the next microsecond he was a wisp of undifferentiated nothingness again. Served him right.

People who had paid fifteen- or twenty- or even thirty thousand dollars for a picture of mine found themselves gazing at a blank canvas, all ready for a new picture, and ringlets of coloured tapes and what looked like moldy Rice Crispies on the floor.

Bernard Ketchum... says that Haitian refugees should follow the precedent set by white people, and simply discover Florida or Massachusetts or whatever. They could come ashore, and start converting people to voodooism. "It's a widely accepted principle," he says, "that you can claim a piece of land which has been inhabited for tens of thousands of years, if only you will repeat this mantra endlessly: 'We discovered it, we discovered it, we discovered it.'"

Her means of locomotion in her gargantuan basketball shoes was this: She barely lifted the shoes from the ground, shoving one forward and then the other, like cross-country skis, while her upper body and shopping bags swiveled wildly from side to side. But that oscillating old woman could go like the wind!

During that war, which was about nothing but the ammunition business, there was a microscopic possibility, I suppose, that I called in a white-phosphorus barrage or a napalm strike on a returning Jesus Christ.<sup>13</sup>

## black adder speaks

They have one redeeming feature, their wallets. More capacious than an elephant's scrotum and just as difficult to get your hands on.

Personally, I thought you were the least convincing female impersonator since Tarzan went through Jane's handbag and ate her lipstick.

Clearly, Field Marshall Haig is about to make yet another gargantuan effort to move his drinks cabinet six inches closer to Berlin.

We've been sitting here since Christmas 1914 during which millions of men have died and we've advanced no further than an asthmatic ant with some heavy shopping.

A war hasn't been fought this badly since Olaf the Hairy, High Chief of all the vikings, accidentally ordered 80,000 battle helmets with the horns on the inside.

I find his films about as funny as getting an arrow through the neck and then discovering there's a gas bill tied to it.

The fact that I'm not a millionaire aristocrat with the sexual capacity of a rutting rhino is a constant niggle.

There's nothing intellectual about wandering around Italy in a big shirt trying to get laid.

To those of us who go to don armour tomorrow may we remember to go before we don armour tomorrow.

There's nothing more likely to stop an inheritance than a thingy shaped turnip.

This war would be a damn sight simpler if we'd just stayed in England and shot fifty thousand of our men a week.

This is a crisis. A large crisis. In fact, if you've got a moment, it's a twelve story crisis with a magnificent entrance hall, carpeting throughout, 24 hour portage and an enormous sign on the roof saying, "This is a Large Crisis."

I remember Massingbird's most famous case, The Case of the Bloody Knife. A man was found next to a murdered body. He had the knife in his hand, thirteen witnesses had seen him stab the victim and when the police arrived he said, "I'm glad I killed the bastard." Massingbird not only got him off, he got him knighted in the New Year's Honours List and the relatives of the victim had to pay to have the blood washed out of his jacket.<sup>14</sup>

interesting experience. And it was. I was accepted after all of the tests they did on me came back negative and my sperm count was found to be high (and I wear briefs, imagine that). My weekly appointments were usually at 8am. It was quite strange waiting to be led to a room, using a plastic container for the transaction and then going to buy groceries with my stipend. I wasn't working very much at the time and it was good to have the extra money. They did demand a certain amount of faith on my part, two or three days of abstinence before each visit. The trick was to make sure that I didn't have to cancel my appointment because of over indulgence the night before. I have asked the clinic to hang onto the samples that I have banked for the time being. Any male with cancer should have some semen banked anyway just in case he has to go in for emergency radiation therapy and doesn't have the time to go through the banking process. It could make me sterile and I may want to make a baby someday. Who knows?

I had the rest of that week off work. The sky was stunningly clear and the air hot. I dragged the couch onto the balcony and spent a lot of that time laying in the sun. From my journal during my early days of recovery:

**TESTICULAR SELF-EXAMINATION (TSE)**

**FACTS ABOUT TESTICULAR CANCER**

Cancer of the testicle is one of the most curable forms of cancer when caught early.

Early detection is simple with regular testicular self-examination.

Cancer of the testicle can affect males from infancy through to old age, though it occurs mostly in men between the ages of 15 and 35, particularly the 20-34 age group. It's forty times more likely to occur among men where the testicles never descended to the scrotum or descend after the age of 6.

There is a 90% cure rate after the primary treatment of surgery and radiation.

Men can have perfectly normal sexual relations after being treated for cancer of the testicle.

1. The best time to examine your testicles is right after a hot bath or shower because the scrotal skin is more relaxed and the contents can be felt more easily.
2. Place your index and middle fingers on the underside of the testicle and your thumb on the top. Gently roll your testicle between your thumb and fingers. The normal testicle feels slightly soft with an even consistency and a smooth surface. The epididymis can be felt at the back of the testicle and feels slightly different in consistency. Examine both testicles.
3. Any thickening or lump, however small (even pea size), should be reported to your physician.

JULY 31ST. Woke up with an erection! AUGUST 1ST (MORNING). I managed to stimulate myself to an erection. That's all I dared do. I am scared that I'll have blood in my first ejaculate.

AUGUST 1ST (5:45PM). I managed to masturbate to completion moments ago. That makes me feel a lot better. There was no blood in my semen.

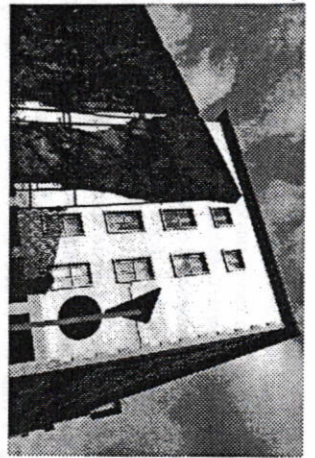
Four days after the operation cabin fever began to set in and I thought I'd get out and give rollerblading a try. By that time I could walk without looking like I spent most days with my legs astride a horse or ostrich. You know, that cowboy walk. Anyway, on Saturday I managed to roll about six miles to a picnic at High Park and back without falling down and tearing the stitches right out of me. I worked the next

week at the college and then flew to Vancouver for a month as I had planned to do long before I knew that I was going to be going through all of this. Somewhere in there I had my first solo photography exhibition. Since the operation, all my doctors have asked me if I was interested in having a testicular prosthesis installed. Its not something I'm interested in doing although I think having one that squeaked when it was squeezed would be cool, like those chew toys that dogs get. One doctor told me that the removal of one testicle sometimes causes the remaining one to increase in size, so that's some consolation. I have become quite used to having just the one. Its not really a big deal. I'm very happy that it wasn't prostate cancer because Spring isn't just another season. Everything works as well as it did before and my sperm count has remained at the same level. I was just thinking about how when some people have had a limb amputated they find that sometimes it still itches. So far I haven't felt the need to scratch something that isn't there. Hey, if anyone out there sees that one of those educational channels is broadcasting a radical orchiectomy operation please tape it for me. I'd like to see it. I taped a vasectomy reversal that was on the television just after my surgery but it utilizes a scrotal rather than an inguinal approach. At any rate, I haven't watched it yet. I had to leave the room while I taped it. It's pretty graphic. So, I'm eating almonds (for their laetile), taking lots of vitamin C, cutting out fat, exercising, dancing and jumping up and down. I understand that jumping up and down is very good for the lymph system. The military drill aerobics classes that I have been doing are pretty wild. I just sweat buckets. It's fantastic. Afterwards I feel energized and totally fatigued. And, of course, lots of rollerblading. I cried over snow, ice, pot holes and sticky asphalt patching and then I met a man who had no wheels on his feet.

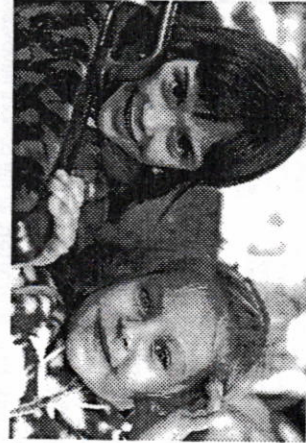


Nice Planet Earth, Edinburgh (1995)



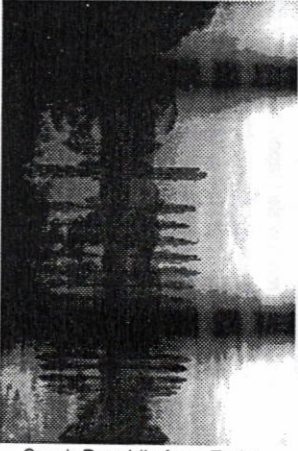


ed that from London I would fly to Berlin. It would take far too much time to travel there by train at nearly the same price. I had spent a week in Berlin during a six month trip to Europe in 1989. It was about a month before the wall came down and the city really put the hook in me. I'm not sure why, but ever since then I have been drawn to it. I would go out in the morning and make photographs all day, just wandering around, exploring different regions and neighbourhoods, taking the S-Bahn to the outskirts, keeping my eyes open for an internet café where I could check my email account in Toronto via Telnet. After my time in Berlin, I tried to take a train to Budapest. I really tried. I had a ticket and even boarded the appropriate train at Berlin-Lichtenberg shortly after buying some food for the journey. I was scheduled to arrive in Budapest at 10pm and a friend was meeting me at the station. I spent some time making photographs of the eastern part of Germany and the Czech Republic through the windows of the train. I thought that we should soon arrive at the Hungarian border. I was starting to get a funny feeling whenever my papers were checked. You can never tell who is asking you for your passport. It's either the border police of one country or another, the train cops, the army, or just some heavily armed guys in snazzy uniforms. The train came to a halt at about 7pm. There wasn't much to see out of the window. One building, one light. It didn't look much like a regular stop. I look up from my seat and standing next to me is a large guy in a green uniform and, oh yes, he's armed. He has a look at my passport and seems to have a problem with it. Apparently, the train has stopped for me. No, I'm not being upgraded to first class, I'm being taken from the train. Apparently there's a country between the Czech Republic and Hungary that I hadn't counted on. Slovakia. I thought that it was farther east but part of the Slovak Republic runs between Hungary and the Czech Republic to the Austrian border and I didn't have a visa for this place. He spoke no English and I don't have a clue about the Slovak or Czech languages so we stumbled along in German. The cop is telling me that the nearest place I can get a visa is in Zurich, Switzerland. This would never have happened in my previous travels. In the past, I went with guides and maps weighing me down. In the last few years I have become less organized, less concerned with these details and far more spontaneous. Now and then I would go into a book store and read through some of its travel guides. The only one I had with me was my Rough Guide to Berlin. I just didn't want to carry a lot of stuff. I had left a lot of the things I had brought with me in storage in London, including my large rucksack, rollerblades, some clothes and my first fifty rolls of exposed film. The small backpack that I had with me on the continent contained only a bit of clothing, my camera equipment and about seventy rolls of film. I had three cameras with me, my two 35mm Canon F-1s (one for black and white, the other for colour) and a camera that my father gave me. It's a Welta 6x4.5cm rangefinder camera that



Berlin: Children on the 53 Tram

I hadn't been to Europe, had done no real travelling, whatever that is, in about six years. I moved from BC to Toronto in 1991, visited Vancouver several times and spent a bit of time in Montreal and New York City. That was about it and I was starting to go through serious travel withdrawal. It was quite a change from the late 1980s when I spent the summers of '86, '88 and '89 in Europe. Finally, after finishing my degree in 1995 and working for the summer, I went to Europe for two months. After spending almost a month in England and Scotland, I decided that from London I would fly to Berlin. It would take far too much time to travel there by train at nearly the same price. I had spent a week in Berlin during a six month trip to Europe in 1989. It was about a month before the wall came down and the city really put the hook in me. I'm not sure why, but ever since then I have been drawn to it. I would go out in the morning and make photographs all day, just wandering around, exploring different regions and neighbourhoods, taking the S-Bahn to the outskirts, keeping my eyes open for an internet café where I could check my email account in Toronto via Telnet. After my time in Berlin, I tried to take a train to Budapest. I really tried. I had a ticket and even boarded the appropriate train at Berlin-Lichtenberg shortly after buying some food for the journey. I was scheduled to arrive in Budapest at 10pm and a friend was meeting me at the station. I spent some time making photographs of the eastern part of Germany and the Czech Republic through the windows of the train. I thought that we should soon arrive at the Hungarian border. I was starting to get a funny feeling whenever my papers were checked. You can never tell who is asking you for your passport. It's either the border police of one country or another, the train cops, the army, or just some heavily armed guys in snazzy uniforms. The train came to a halt at about 7pm. There wasn't much to see out of the window. One building, one light. It didn't look much like a regular stop. I look up from my seat and standing next to me is a large guy in a green uniform and, oh yes, he's armed. He has a look at my passport and seems to have a problem with it. Apparently, the train has stopped for me. No, I'm not being upgraded to first class, I'm being taken from the train. Apparently there's a country between the Czech Republic and Hungary that I hadn't counted on. Slovakia. I thought that it was farther east but part of the Slovak Republic runs between Hungary and the Czech Republic to the Austrian border and I didn't have a visa for this place. He spoke no English and I don't have a clue about the Slovak or Czech languages so we stumbled along in German. The cop is telling me that the nearest place I can get a visa is in Zurich, Switzerland. This would never have happened in my previous travels. In the past, I went with guides and maps weighing me down. In the last few years I have become less organized, less concerned with these details and far more spontaneous. Now and then I would go into a book store and read through some of its travel guides. The only one I had with me was my Rough Guide to Berlin. I just didn't want to carry a lot of stuff. I had left a lot of the things I had brought with me in storage in London, including my large rucksack, rollerblades, some clothes and my first fifty rolls of exposed film. The small backpack that I had with me on the continent contained only a bit of clothing, my camera equipment and about seventy rolls of film. I had three cameras with me, my two 35mm Canon F-1s (one for black and white, the other for colour) and a camera that my father gave me. It's a Welta 6x4.5cm rangefinder camera that



Czech Republic from Train

## Taping calls

- Customer consents to recording by any means Customer's telephone calls to . This consent is continuing and need not be confirmed prior to, or during such recording.



This is a sign used in the U.S. system of hobo signs meaning *here lives a man with a gun.*

The baseboard hot water radiator in my bedroom was made in hell. I can't imagine coping with the noise it makes for the sake of its heat for another cold season but I probably will. Mr. Hello, the superintendent, came down to have a look. He swore at it a bit, then took it away to discipline it further. He reinstalled it and it was worse than ever, something like the sound you'd get if you slowly cut a cello in half with one of those musical saws. Previously, it had sounded more like a hack saw going through a smaller stringed instrument, a violin or viola. Here, eight hours in bed translates to about five hours of reasonably restful sleep what with the noise it makes. Then, amazingly, it was silent. But its back with a vengeance.<sup>12</sup> I'll have to incorporate this noise into the Dave on Dave Sound Supplement. I like sound a lot and I am putting together a 90 minute compilation tape of interesting sound bits. Last year I distilled my collection of Goon Show broadcasts (then 90 half hour programmes - now I have 130) onto a 90 minute audio tape of segments measured in seconds or minutes. This tape will include some of the best Goon stuff along with other comedy and other things that I've stumbled upon. If you want one, you need to send me a tape with something on it. Music, spoken word, intercepted telephone calls, a recording of your last dinner party, interviews and babble or whatever. Or, failing that, I guess you could just send me a blank 90 minute tape and return postage, but that's the easy, boring way. It's about four o'clock in the afternoon. I just woke up from a nap and I have that foggy, thinking about nothing, thinking about everything, feeling. I'd like to feel this way all the time. I guess I need to take more naps, dreaming in the afternoon. After sleep I feel reset, at the beginning again and capable of doing anything and everything. I used to write all the text for these newsletters very spontaneously using a manual typewriter. I'm taking more care and spending more time in bars and cafés and sitting under large trees writing and editing this one. It's Tuesday night, around 11:30pm and I'm dancing at Orchid. I just bought an orgasm in a test tube from a nice woman in leopard skin that serves drinks here.

DAVID CHEN  
N.Y. Times News Service

INTERCOURSE, Pa. — Andrew Herschberger's girlfriend lives in Delta, almost 40 kilometres across the gentle hills of the Susquehanna Valley. But as a member of the Amish community, he may not drive a car, ride a motorcycle or even hop on a bicycle to go there.

He travels using an increasingly popular mode of Amish transportation, inline skates.

"It's faster than a horse, and it's fun," said Herschberger, 20, who skates the 40 kilometres in two hours, almost twice as fast as a traditional horse-drawn Amish buggy.

"You just feel free," Herschberger has abundant company on the roads of southeastern Pennsylvania.

In the last few years, hundreds of Amish, most of them young, have taken up in-line skating to run errands, play hockey or just zigzag for pleasure. Among the 150,000 or so Old Order Amish, who live in 230 settlements in 22 states and Canada, in-line skating is justified as an efficient, sensible means of locomotion, another example of how the modern can square with the traditional.

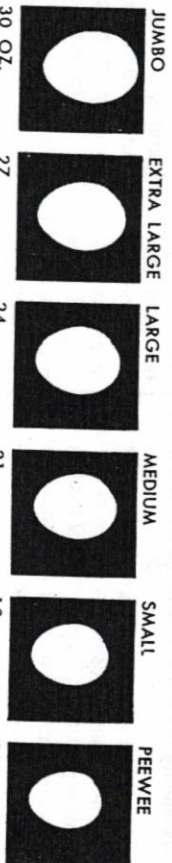
Motorized vehicles and bicycles are prohibited, in part because of concerns that they could take residents too far from the community.

"Rollerblading is a midpoint between walking and bicycling," said Donald Kraybill, provost at Messiah College in Grantham and a writer of books on Amish culture. "It's sort of a negotiated cultural compromise."

But some Amish worry that the convenience and speed of skating may, in a small way, dilute their no-frills style of life.

"For some elders," Stoltzfus said, "anything that looks like modern entertainment is a no-no."

## HOW TO JUDGE EGGS BY WEIGHT





## Second Report

There is a very short period now every day when each child works on his own sheet of paper. During this time he is expected to work quietly and independently. David appears to be doing very well. His apparent liking for Kindergarteten makes it a very worthwhile experience for me.

*J. J. J. J.*  
Teacher

Comments: David is making satisfactory progress in arithmetic. He is able to add and subtract using the numbers from one to ten.

You know how fond I am of David and how I shall miss him next year. He has been like a son and has become a very dear friend. I hope our friendship will continue!

## COMMENTS

David is a pleasant pupil to have in the class but he is having problems with his written work and arithmetic. He always tries to finish his work first and as a result it is often untidy and wrong. If David could slow down and check his work he would improve considerably.

David has adjusted well to his new school and appears to have made friends with the children in the class. He has had a little teasing from some of the boys but he has taken it cheerfully (and in the manner it was given).

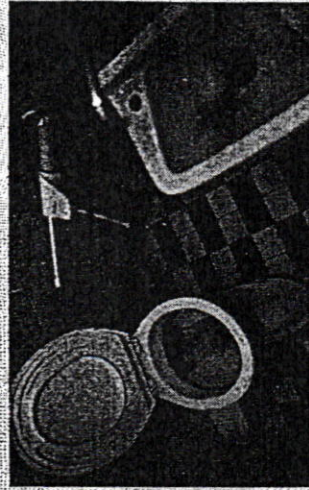
6 David seems to enjoy everything he does. He is cheerful and smiling at all times.

12 DAVE FAILED BECAUSE HE DID NOT COMPLETE ANY OF THE REQUIRED RESEARCH WORK.



was made in Germany in 1936 that my Dad's brother bought when he was over there during the war. The map of Europe that I was using was the tiny one in the German daytimer that I had bought in Berlin and I was travelling through the part of the map that the spine passed through the borders were not entirely clear to me. I think this relaxed attitude is generally a good thing and I am having a lot of fun, but I must realize that because of it, every once in awhile, I'll end up in jail somewhere. And I did. I was taken from the train and locked up in a small room with a young Romanian guy who had no papers and had been under their police care all day. The police station was in Kuty, a small Slovak border town. In three hours they would put me on the next train back into the Czech Republic, the way I'd arrived. There was a table, a few chairs and one bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling. I gave Luka, the Romanian, my food (he hadn't eaten all day) and we spoke in our pigeon German. The police hadn't taken any of my stuff, just my passport, so I spent some time making photographs of the bathroom, the outside world through the bars, Luka and I and other things. I sat at the table writing postcards, greeting the officers as they went by to get to the main part of the police station. The room we were in was actually an anteroom between the outside and the rest of the building with locking doors and barred windows. I think they were all surprised at how cheerful I was after the initial ten panic minutes until I realized that my train was gone and I'd have to make the most of the situation. At about 10 o'clock I was escorted to the train by a tall policewoman dressed in green with long red hair. She was quite striking. We tried to talk but had no common language. I kicked myself that I didn't know how to say, "I wish we'd met under different circumstances" in Slovak. I'd We arrived at the train and she handed me my passport. I got on board, waved, and said,

Ce passeport contient 24 pages.  
This passport contains 24 pages.



Kuty Police Station, 8:00pm, 30. Okt. 1995



Břeclav Train Station, 1:07am, 31. Okt 1995



"Aufwiedersehen." I think she thought I was a little strange. I found the compartment where the railway police hung out. They seemed to know the situation I was in and I found out that I should get off in Bielefeld about a half an hour into the Czech Republic and from there get a train to Vienna and then a connection to Budapest avoiding Slovakia entirely. When the cops realized that I was Canadian, they started asking me all kinds of questions about the Quebec referendum that had occurred a few days before. I had no idea what had happened, hadn't heard any news from Canada. Despite the inconvenience, I'm not sorry that I had this delay and diversion. It was quite an experience and I ended up with a lot of good photographs that I wouldn't otherwise have been able to make. **There can be nothing more soul destroying than to arrive in London at around 6am after an overnight bus journey from anywhere. I did this twice on my last trip, once from the North of England and again from Amsterdam.** There is something very demoralizing about waiting for the McDonalds to open so you can eat something and warm up, killing time until the city comes alive. These experiences were nearly identical as I ate egg McMuffins at the Victoria Station and Warren Street McDonalds while writing on the backs of tray liners. I spent about a week in Scotland, single malt scotch whisky and gourmet take away haggis evenings, but once again I never made it past Edinburgh and Glasgow. I have always wanted to do some wandering around the north and the islands of Scotland but I didn't really have the time. I carried my rollerblades in my backpack while in England and Scotland. This was a mistake. For this kind of activity, the paved surfaces in the U.K. really suck. The only place in England where I had any decent blading was on the long, paved promenade at the beach in Brighton. It was wonderful. I left my skates in storage in London when I went to the continent. That was my second mistake. They would have been very useful during my three week stay in Berlin. There the roads are well surfaced. Finding a good place to dance in Berlin was one of my principle diversions after the sun went down. I wanted to dance to music that was familiar to me. I guess it's called *Alternative*. Now, one and a half years later, I'm having trouble finding music that I like in Toronto. Things change. The stuff I really enjoy dancing to was really popular three years ago. Anyway, more often than not, the music I found was Techno, not something I'm really into. I went to Abraxas, Knaack, Tresor, Sophienclub, Far Out and others. Tresor is a dark, underground bank vault on Leipziger Str. in the east very near the now defunct wall. Steel bars still partially divide some sections of the club and there are walls of safe deposit boxes. The photograph of the Wall and the former WWII Air Ministry building at the top of page 14 was taken a block from Tresor. I liked Knaack in Prenzlauer Berg a lot. Good live and recorded music. I danced. Whenever you bought a bottle or glass of something from the bar they charged a deposit to ensure that you brought the empty item back. I guess it cuts down on theft and saves them collecting up the empties. It was great, on more than one occasion, at 3am wandering around alone and a little drunk in former East Berlin, a very different experience than the last time I was there. One Sunday, my friends in Berlin introduced me to a game called Boule. The game is a cross between curling and horseshoes. It's a great way to pass Sunday afternoons. We also enjoyed drinking tea from small plates. I had a wonderful experience while on a street train in Parkow, in a north part of the east side of Berlin. The car I was in was nearly empty and I was making photographs out the windows. A school group boarded the tram and it was suddenly swarming with five and six year olds. They were sitting, three to a seat, in front, behind and beside me asking me about the cameras I had out. Despite the speed at which they spoke, I didn't have too much trouble understanding them. I asked them about school and what they were doing and I told them a little about Canada. They all kept asking me to take their picture and I did. About 25 of them. I stayed on the train until they got off. We had passed my stop ten minutes earlier. I'd like to try and find their school so I could give them copies of the photographs. That will be a little project the next time I'm over there.



KISS, Berlin 1855 (1995)

"WE'VE GONE ON HOLIDAY BY MISTAKE!" - WITHNAIL.  
I do regret not brushing up on my German before taking the trip. I had taken courses at the Goethe-Institut in Vancouver and Toronto in the past but I'd forgotten a lot of it. I have been more studious since my return. I have been taking courses since last fall and will continue to do so. I want to carry on travelling during the periods when I am not working however I am also a little restricted in my mobility because of the surveillance program that I am on due to having (had) cancer. I need to be in Canada to bask in the warm glow of socialized medicine every two months or so. I want to get back to Berlin as soon as possible. I also want to break my focus on Europe as a travel destination and try some other continents. Earth is a relatively small planet and it would be a shame not to see the rest of it. I read in a German magazine about a photographer who was born in Berlin and he was travelling all over the world in search of other Berlins to photograph. He found 118 of them, from Guyana to Antarctica. I think that's such a great idea for a project. Travelling and photographing, photographing and travelling. During my two month trip to Europe in 1995 I exposed 97 rolls of colour and b/w film. On my six month trip to Europe in 1989 I exposed only 11 rolls.

## RED DWARF

Season IV  
Episode 4

17

### White Hole

**LISTER:** Kryten, what you doing, man?  
**KRYTEN:** I've just repaired the toaster, Sir. Well, I've nearly repaired the toaster.

**LISTER:** Oh NO, man! Dismantle him! You don't know what the little bleeder's like!  
**KRYTEN:** Well, I've read all the documentation, Sir. He's simply a talking alarm clock who provides his owner with early morning toast and light conversation.

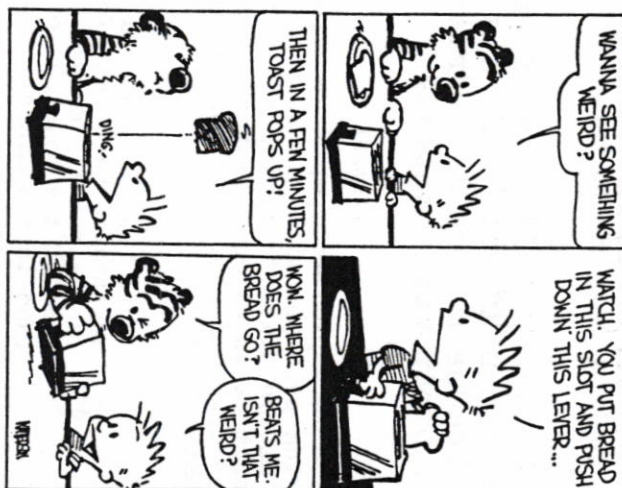
**LISTER:** Not this one. This one's mental!  
**KRYTEN:** Sir?

**LISTER:** He's defective. He wants everyone to eat toast ALL OF THE TIME. He's obsessed with it. And if you don't want to eat, like, four hundreds rounds of toast EVERY HOUR, he throws a major wobbly. That's what caused the accident in the first place.  
**KRYTEN:** What accident?

**LISTER:** The accident involving me, the toaster, the waste disposal and the fourteen pound lump-hammer.

**KRYTEN:** That explains why he was down in the garbage hold in three thousand separate pieces.

**TOASTER:** But that was no accident! That was first-degree toastercide!



STILL MORE TOAST ON PAGE 27

### If Xerox made toasters...

You could toast one-sided or double-sided. Successive slices would be lighter and lighter. The toaster would jam your bread for you.

### If Rand Corporation made toasters...

It would be a perfectly smooth and seamless black cube. Every morning there would be a piece of toast on top of it. Their service department would have an unlisted phone number and the blueprints for the box would be highly classified government documents. The X-Files would have an episode about it.

### If the NSA made toasters...

Your toaster would have a secret trap door that only the NSA could access in case they needed to get at your toast for reasons of national security.

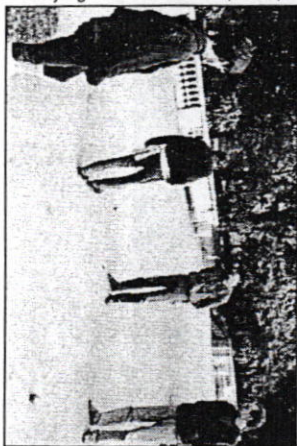
### If Sony made toasters...

The ToastMan, which would be a little larger than the single piece of bread it is meant to toast, can be conveniently attached to your belt.

### If Fisher Price made toasters...

"Baby's First Toaster" would have a crank that you turn to toast the bread that pops up like a Jack-in-the-box. I

Playing Boule in Berlin (1995)





'... nobody explains anything. I can't stand it. I saw you with a book the other day - *Pathological Anatomy*. Is that right?'

'Yes.'

'And it's about tumours, yes?'

'Yes.'

'Do me a favour and bring it to me! I must have a look at it and try and work things out. For myself.'

Zoya pursed her lips and shook her head. 'It's strictly against the rules for patients to read medical books.'

- Cancer Ward, Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

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HERE'S A COPY OF  
DOD 5.

DAVE

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**Distribution information (so far): Total 260**

Hand delivered: 93

Sent through the post: **Canada 68 U.S. 58 Overseas 24**

Number of issues sent to other Dave or David Ottersons: **17**

Total circulation of last issue: **250**

☐ I haven't heard from you in ages. Please let me know if you received this.



## Epilogue

Perhaps this should be called the "Prologue." You'll probably read it first. I've got it. Why don't I just write this here:

### READ THIS BIT LAST!!

There, that should do the trick... I have been feeling a bit strange after having finished my newsletter last week. My thoughts are somewhere between "I don't think I ever, ever want to go through that again" to "That was great! It's time to start putting together the next one." However, even though I haven't finished copying and distributing this one, I'm already making notes for the next. I guess there's no cure for whatever I have. I'm going to try to work more spontaneously and get back into my twice yearly routine. Two years is far too long. I just read a review in Factsheet 5 of a zine that's the size of mine that was written in a week! I have been thinking that I'd like to publish something that has less to do with me and more to do with another subject, photography for instance. All this introspection is wearing me out. I think that I'll try and pull back a little. Maybe ...

### I have sent you this copy of Dave On Dave because:

- ☒ I want you to have it.
- ☐ You asked for it.
- ☐ You and I have the same first and last name.
- ☒ I'd like to trade. Please send me yours.
- ☐ Thanks for yours. Here's mine.
- ☐ I know who you are but you don't know who I am.
- ☐ We met ☐ recently. ☐ a long time ago.
- ☐ I have no idea who you are. Hi there, my name's Dave.
- ☐ Other: